

The Tragicall

A signe of dignity, a garish flagge,
To bee the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to me and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee
Decline all this and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, almost distressed widdow:
For ioyfull mother one that wailles the name:
For Queene, a uery Catife crown'd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humble sues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art:
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Battering thy losse make the bad causer worse,
Revoluing this will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,

Qu. M. Thy woes will make them sharp & pierce like mine.

Dur. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Qu. Windie attunes to your clients woes,
Aery succeders of intestine ioyes,

of Richard the Third.

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not all, yet not doe they ease the hart.

Dur. If so, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smoothe her
My damned sonne, which thy too sonnes smother'd
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard marching with drummes
and trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dur. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Had'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dur. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarenc*?
And little Ned Plantigenet, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tell-taile women
Raile on the Lord anointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dur. art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my Father and your selfe.

Dur. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dur. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. and brieft good mother for I am in hast.

Dur. art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. and came I not at last to comfort you?

Dur. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell: